

DELL

NO. 119 10¢

SCOTT
FORBES
as

JIM BOWIE

Deals
quick
justice
to the
river
rogues!



AUTHORIZED EDITION

JIM BOWIE... WOODSMAN, PATRIOT, AND GENTLEMAN...



His suave diplomacy won the respect of New Orleans society . . .



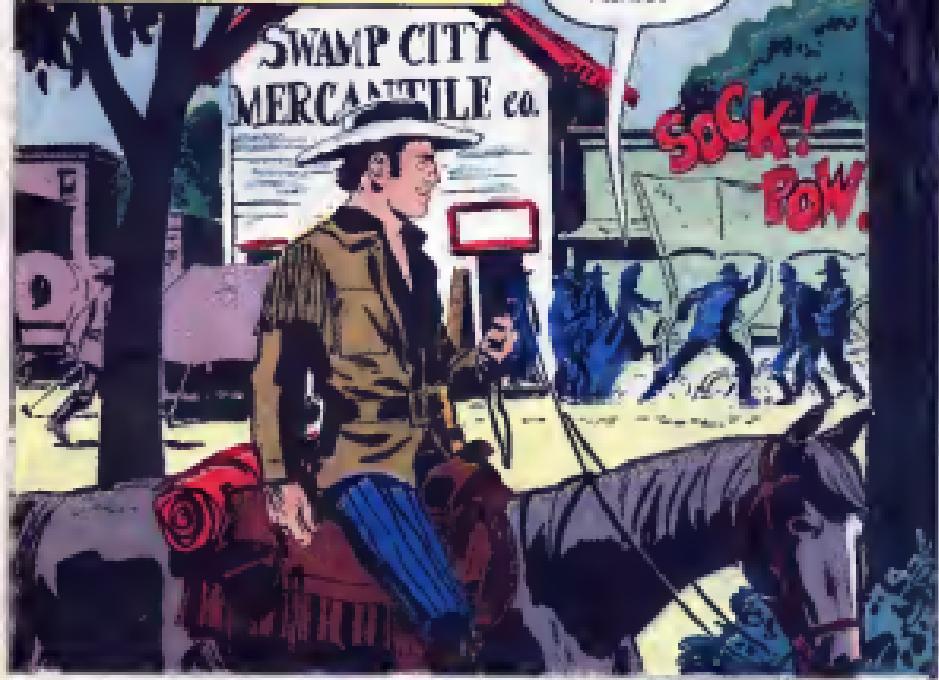
While his skill, strength, and the "Bowie Knife" demanded the respect of the rougher element.

JIM BOWIE, No. 850. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 281 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher; Helen Myers, President; Paul B. Ladd, Executive Vice-Presdent; Harry Clark, Vice-Presdent Advertisers; Alfred P. Delacorte, Treasurer; © 1960, by Jim Bowie Enterprises, Inc. All rights reserved throughout the world. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co., Agnewswood edition.

This publication is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be disposed of by way of trade except at the full retail price, nor in a mutilated condition, nor offered to sale as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

THE ADVENTURES OF **Jim Bowie** in JIM BOWIE'S SECRET

ON WHAT HAD STARTED OUT TO BE AN ORDINARY MORNING, JIM BOWIE RIDES INTO SWAMP CITY, LOUISIANA, ONLY TO FIND THAT HE IS FACED WITH THE UNINVITED TASTE OF BRUTALITY . . .



REINING HIS HORSE TOWARD THE CROWD, JIM DISMOUNTS...



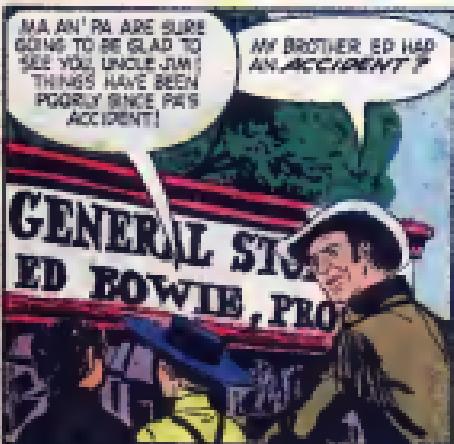
I SAID THAT'S ENOUGH!

WHOP!

UNHNNH!







I GUESS NOT, DAVEY! BUT THINGS ARE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT NOW! JIM BOWIE'S THE BRAVEST MAN IN THE WHOLE WORLD!

Shortly, in the living quarter's behind the store...

ED...WE'VE GOT A VISITOR!

JIM!

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS GOING ON IN THIS TOWN? AND WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

AND I WANTED TO WRITE YOU, JIM... BUT IT DIDN'T SEEM FAIR YOU SHOULD GET MIXED UP IN OUR TROUBLE!

WE BOWIES ALWAYS STICK TOGETHER, ED! WHEN MY OWN BROTHER AND HIS WIFE HAVE TROUBLE, THEN IT'S ANY TROUBLE, TOO! NOW COME ON TELL ME WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

IT'S THE SHERIFF... AND HIS MEN! THEY'VE TAKEN OVER SWAMP CITY, LOCK, STOCK, AND BARREL! ANYONE WHO GOES AGAINST THEM...

GETS WHAT ED GOT!

YOU THINK THE LAW DID THIS TO YOU?

THAT'S RIGHT! APPARENTLY THEY DON'T LIKE THE WAY I WAS CO-OPERATING...

THOSE OF US WHO TRY TO STAND UP TO THEM, JUST CAN'T A CHANCE, JIM! THEY'RE TOO STRONG!

HOW DID THIS SHERIFF GET ELECTED IN THE FIRST PLACE?

HE ELECTED HIMSELF! WHEN THE GOVERNMENT STARTED BUILDING THE SWILDRAP FROM NEW ORLEANS TO MILKBURG, SWAMP CITY BECAME A BOOM TOWN OVERNIGHT! YOU SAW WHAT IT'S LIKE OUTSIDE...



THIS SHERIFF WARDLOW SAW A CHANCE TO TAKE OVER AND GET RICH! THEN, BEFORE ANYBODY KNEW WHAT HAPPENED, IT WAS TOO LATE!

DID YOU SAY,
SHERIFF
WARDLOW?

WHAT IS IT, JIM?
DO YOU KNOW HIM?

I'M NOT SURE...
THE NAME... I
REMEMBER IT,
BUT...



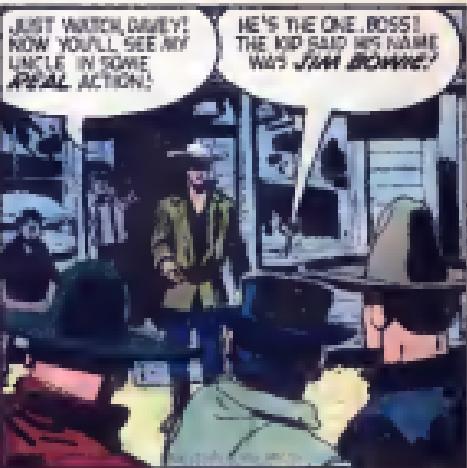
UNCLE JIM! THEY'RE
OUTSIDE! THEY WANT
TO SEE YOU!

JIMMIE
WANTS TO
SEE ME!

SHERIFF WARDLOW...
AND THOSE TWO MEN
YOU HAD A
FIGHT WITH!

JIM, YOU CAN'T GO OUT
THERE! THEY'LL
KILL YOU!





JIM LOOKS QUESTIONINGLY AT MARDLOW,
THEN SPEAKS QUIETLY...

I'D HEARD YOU
CHANGED, MARDLOW
... I DON'T THINK IT
WAS THAT MUCH!

TIME CHANGES A LOT.
OF MEN, BOWIE!
NOW WHAT'S IT
GOING TO BE?

TENSION RIPPLES THROUGH THE CROWD AS
JIM BOWIE FACES MARDLOW'S CHALLENGE...

MAKE UP YOUR MIND!
YOU APOLOGIZE OR
FIGHT?

JIM SIGHS TO BE CARRYING ON A FIGHT
WITHIN HIMSELF... AND THEN...

YOU WIN,
SHERIFF! I
APOLOGIZE
TO YOUR
MEN!

YOUNG JEFF BOWIE IS STUNNED BY
HIS UNCLE'S DECISION...

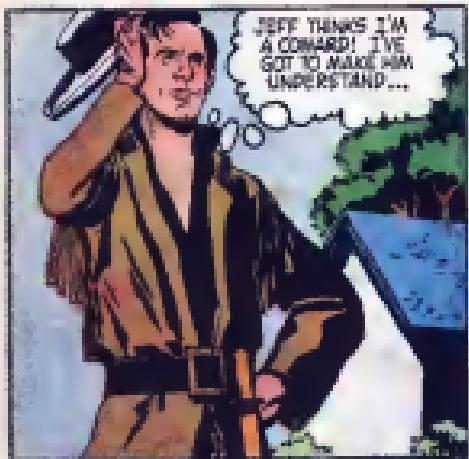
HE BACKED DOWN!
YOU AND YOUR BIG TALK! YOUR
UNCLE'S THE SAME AS ALL THE
OTHERS! HE'S
AFRAID!

KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE, BOWIE!
NEXT TIME YOU INTERFERE, I
MIGHT NOT BE SO EASY ON YOU!

YOUNG JEFF FIGHTS BACK THE TEARS...
ASHAMED AND DISAPPOINTED AT WHAT HE
HAS WITNESSED...

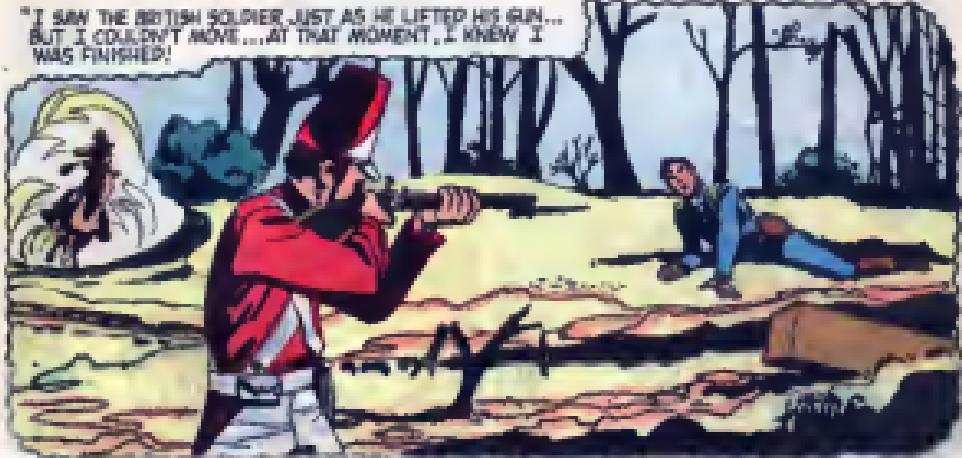
JEFF! WAIT!

LEAVE ME ALONE!



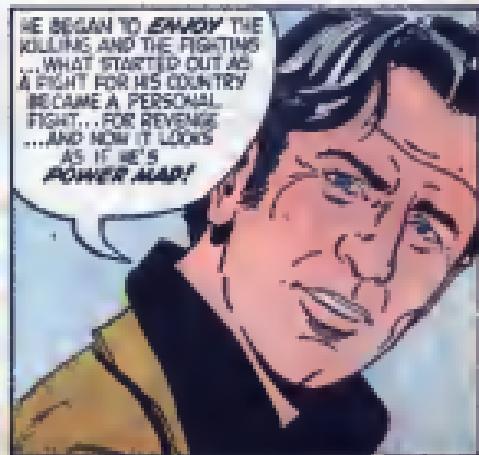
"I WAS JUST A KID THEN... AND I WAS WOUNDED AND LEFT FOR DEAD... MY UNIT HAD GONE ON AHEAD..."

"I SAW THE BRITISH SOLDIER JUST AS HE LIFTED HIS IRON...
BUT I COULDN'T MOVE... AT THAT MOMENT, I KNEW I
WAS FINISHED!"



"THEM, OUT OF NOWHERE, WIDOW APPEARED!"

"HE GOT ME OUT OF THERE JUST IN TIME, TOO...
AND HE RISKED HIS LIFE TO GET ME BEHIND
THE LINES TO A FIELD HOSPITAL..."





JIM SPURS OUT FAST, DESPERATELY HOPING
THAT HE CAN LOCATE JEFF...

I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT BOY!
THE SWAMPS AND SWINDLES ARE THE
MOST DANGEROUS PLACES
IN THIS COUNTRY!



THE BOY'S TRAIL IS NOT HARD TO FOLLOW AND
BEFORE LONG, JIM FINDS HIMSELF IN THE
TERRIFICALLY SWAMP SECTION...

IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO JEFF,
I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF.



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AHEAD OF JIM BOWIE...

IT SURE IS SCARY OUT HERE
...BUT, I'M NOT GOING TO BE
AFRAID... I'M NOT GOING TO
BE AFRAID OF ANYTHING!



JEFF'S HORSE
SEEMS TO SENSE
THE DANGER AND
SUDENLY...

QUICKSAND!



FRANTICALLY, THE BOY TRIES TO STOP BACK,
BUT THE MORE HE STRUGGLES, THE DEEPER
HE SINKS...

I'M SINKING!
HELP!



ON THE TRAIL, JIM HEARS THE BOY'S CALL FOR HELP...



JIM RIDES HARD TO THE PLACE WHERE JEFF IS SWINGING...



...LEAPS FROM HIS HORSE AND SWINGS UP INTO A TREE OVER THE MARSH...



WITH A QUICK SLASH OF HIS ROME KNIFE, HE CUTS A THIN BRANCH FROM THE TREE...



SLOWLY, JIM STARTS TO PULL JEFF FREE...



AND SOON...



AS THEY RIDE BACK TOWARD SWAMP CITY, JIM BEGINS TO EXPLAIN HIS APPARENT COURAGE TO THE BOY... AND BEFORE LONG, THE TEARS CHANGE TO A SMILE OF PRIDE...

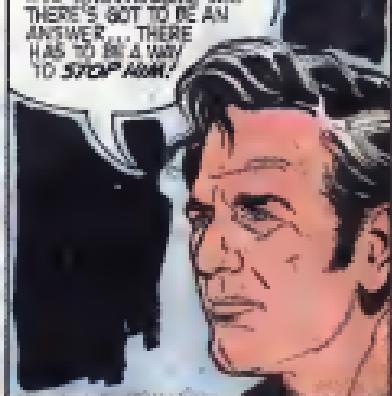
I'M SORRY, UNCLE JIM... HONEST! I DIDN'T KNOW!



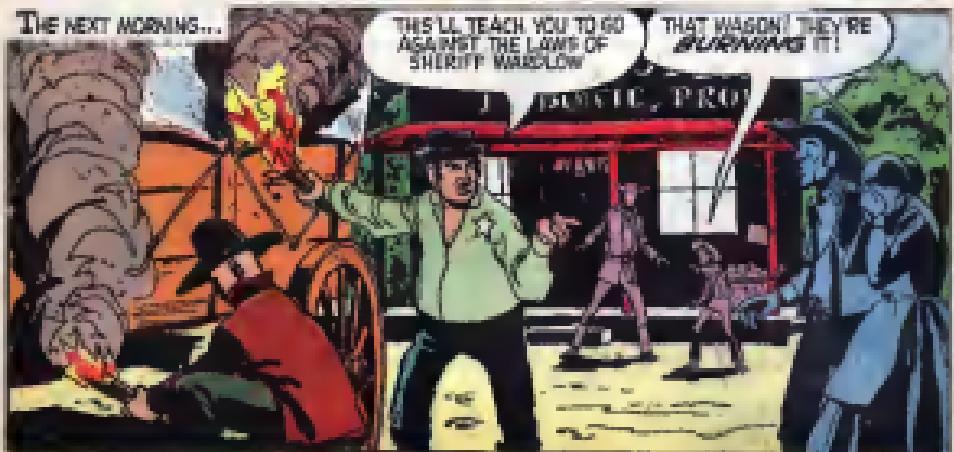
LATER, BACK IN TOWN...



WARDLOW STILL RUNS THIS TOWN... SOME WAY THERE'S GOT TO BE AN ANSWER... THERE HAS TO BE A WAY TO STOP HIM.



THE NEXT MORNING...



WITH BLINDING FURY, JIM BOWIE
LASHES OUT AT WARDLOW'S MEN...

I THOUGHT WARDLOW
WARNED YOU ABOUT
INTERFERING,
BOWIE!

SOC

OKAY, BOYS!-
THE FUN'S
OVER!

I'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF WARDLOW'S KIND OF
"LAW" UNLESS YOU WANT MORE TROUBLE,
YOU'D BETTER PAY THESE PEOPLE FOR
THEIR WAGON!

PLUSHED WITH ANGER AND EMBARRASSMENT,
WARDLOW'S HIRED DEPUTY PAYS OFF...

YOU'LL NEVER
GET AWAY WITH
THIS, BOWIE!

INSPIRED BY JIM BOWIE'S COURAGE, THE
TOWNSMEN BACK HIM UP...

THIS TIME WE'RE
WITH YOU ALL THE
WAY, BOWIE! BUT
WHAT ABOUT
WARDLOW?

TAKE CARE OF THESE TWO!
WE'LL HOLD THEM PRISONER
UNTIL SWAMP CITY APPOPTS
A NEW SHERIFF!

SOMEBODY GIVE HIM A MESSAGE...
TELL HIM I'M WAITING FOR HIM!
WE MIGHT AS WELL GET IT
OVER WITH!

AND SOON... SO YOU'VE
TAKEN
THE LAW INTO
YOUR OWN HANDS,
EA. BOWIE?

AS OF RIGHT NOW, YOU
AREN'T RUNNING THIS
TOWN ANY LONGER!

CITY
JAIL

SHRINE

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT,
BOWIE... YOU'LL HAVE TO
DO MORE THAN ~~FIGHT~~!

I FIGURED MAYBE
WE COULD AVOID
A FIGHT!

NOT ~~TAKE~~ TIME, BOWIE!
IF IT'S BETWEEN YOU AND
ME, THEN LET'S MAKE IT
~~BRIEFLY~~! I'M
ANXIOUS TO FIND OUT
JUST ~~HOW~~ GOOD YOU
ARE WITH THAT KNIFE!



THAT'S NOT THE WAY I
~~WANT~~ IT, WARDLOW! I
DON'T WANT TO TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF YOU---
WE'LL USE OUR
~~FISTS~~!



JIM AND WARDLOW CIRCLE EACH OTHER
WAILEY... CLOUTED AND READY FOR THE
DEADLY BATTLE...



WARDLOW LEAPS AT JIM WITH
BLINDING RAGE, LASHING OUT
WITH HIS FIST...

THEY'LL CARRY YOU
OUT OF TOWN IN
~~PINECONE~~, BOWIE!



THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES--
EACH MAN FIGHTING HARD TO
GAIN AN ADVANTAGE...

YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THIS
WHEN I'M THROUGH
WITH YOU!

LET HIM HAVE
IT!

COME ON,
JIM!



JIM PULLS THE STUNNED MARSHAL TO HIS FEET--
AND WITH A ROUNDPHOUSE LEFT, CATCHES HIS
OPPONENT ON THE
CHIN...

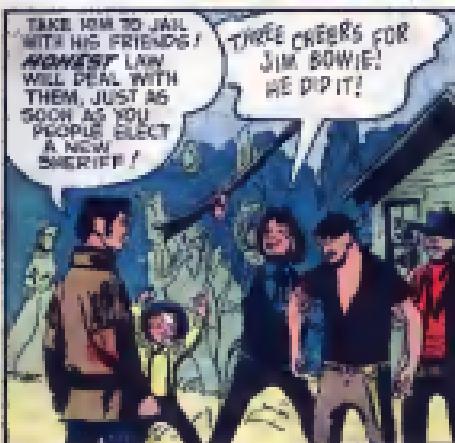


I COULD END THIS ONCE
AND FOR ALL... BUT I WON'T!
THIS MAKES US EVEN FOR
THE TIME YOU SAVED MY
LIFE AT NEW ORLEANS!



TAKE HIM TO JAIL
WITH HIS FRIENDS!
MURDER LAW
WILL DEAL WITH
THEM, JUST AS
SOON AS YOU
PEOPLE ELECT
A NEW
SHERIFF!

THREE CHEERS FOR
JIM BOWIE!
HE DID IT!

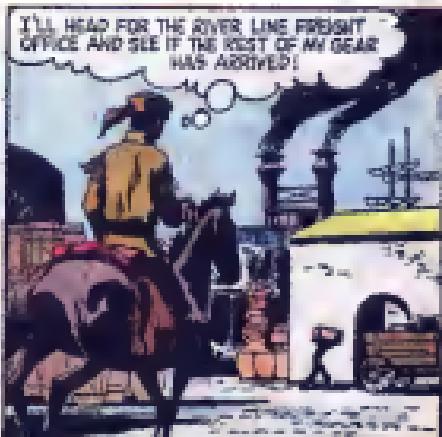


I KNOW HE WOULD!
MY UNCLE JIM
WOULD NEVER
LET US DOWN!



THE ADVENTURES OF
Jim Bowie
THIEVES PARADISE

IT IS EARLY SPRING OF 1830 WHICH JIM BOWIE RIDES INTO NEW ORLEANS... GATEWAY TO A YOUNG NEW EMPIRE ADDED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE...



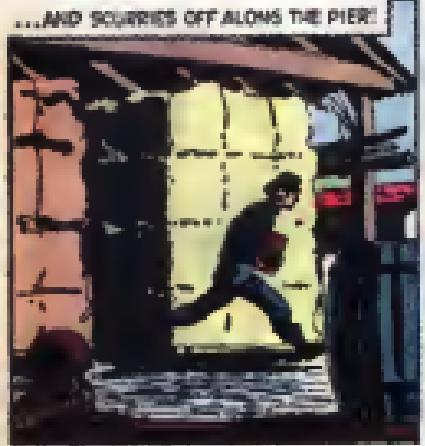
A CREW OF DOCK RUMPS IS LOADING A VESSEL
AT ONE OF THE BUSY WHARVES...



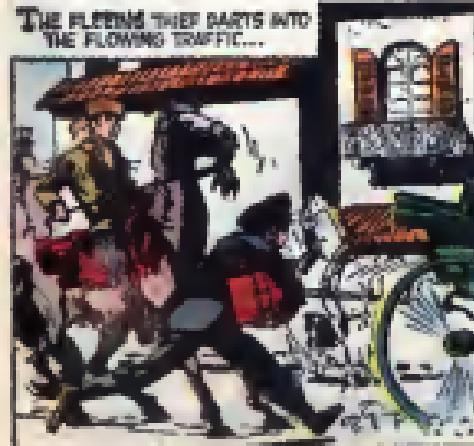
...AS A SLINKING FIGURE EMERGES UNNOTICED
FROM BEHIND THE STACKED CARGO...



...AND SCURRIES OFF ALONGS THE PIER!

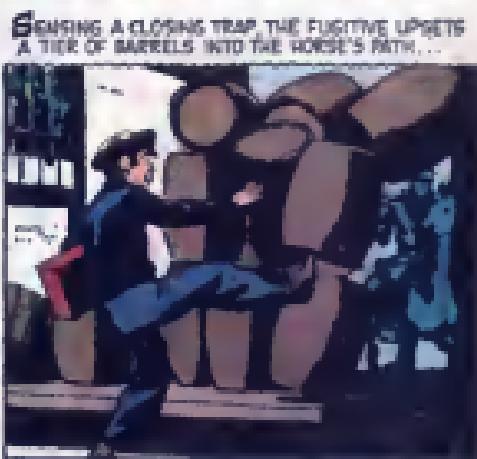


THE FLEETING THIEF DARTS INTO
THE FLOWING TRAFFIC...

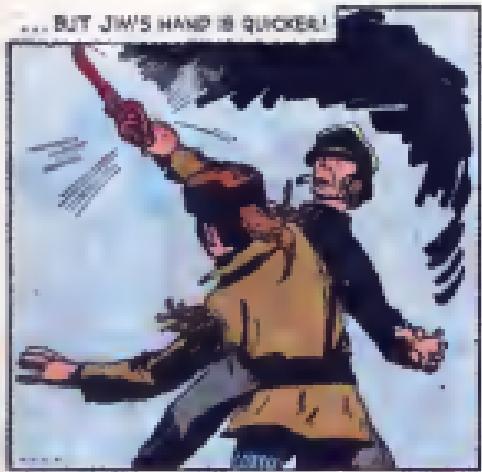


...AS HIS PURSUITERS TAKE UP THE CHASE!





...BUT JIM'S HAND IS QUICKER!



WITH A QUICK WRIST MOVEMENT, HE DEFTLY DISARMS HIS OPPONENT!



THE THIEF SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET,
UTTERING A SHRIEK, CORED WHISTLE...



ARMED CONFEDERATES SUDDENLY APPEAR,
CLOSING IN ON JIM!



AND FOR A MOMENT, JIM SEEKS
TO BE CORNERED...



BUT, SUDDENLY, A CARRIAGE
SWEEPS INTO VIEW...



SNATCHING UP THE FALLEN CRATE, JIM RACES TOWARD THE MOVING RIG...



... AND SHAKES OFF HIS PURSUITERS!



WHEREVER THAT BLIZZARD IS,
HE'S MAKING OFF WITH OUR
LOOT!

LET HIM GO! HE WON'T GET FAR - NOW THAT I
KNOW WHO HE IS! ONLY ONE MAN HAS A
KNIFE LIKE THAT -
JIM BONNIE!



THIS IS NO PUBLIC CONVEYANCE!
HOW DARE YOU INVADE A
PRIVATE COACH?

SORRY! THIS
WAS A MATTER
OF NECESSITY!



A PACK OF WATERFRONT THIEVES
WERE TRYING TO MAKE OFF WITH
THIS PIECE OF CARGO. I WAS
AWAII TO SPOIL THEIR GAME!

AND
I PROVE
YOUR
DAM!



JUDGING FROM YOUR
ROUGH APPEARANCE,
YOU'RE PROBABLY
ONE OF THEM!

SORRY TO
DISAPPOINT YOU,
MAN! MY NAME
IS JIM BOWIE!



THE INVENTOR
OF THE FAMOUS
BOWIE KNIFE?

HE'S ALSO A FRIEND OF
JEAN LARITTE, THE
NOTORIOUS PIRATE,
MISS LUCY!



YOU SEEM TO KNOW
A GREAT DEAL ABOUT
ME, MISTER... ER...

CRAVEN... TEETER CRAVEN!
MY TASK IS TO ADMINISTER
MISS AUGUSTINE'S ESTATE
AND PROTECT IT FROM
YOU AND YOUR KING!



DROP THAT PACKING CRATE
AND KEEP AWAY FROM YOUR
KNIFE! I'M TURNING YOU
OVER TO THE NEAREST
GENDARMES!

YOU'RE LOOKING
FOR ONE IN
THE WRONG
DIRECTION!



AS TEETER CRAVEN DIVERTS HIS GLANCE, JIM
SNATCHES THE WEAPON FROM HIS HAND...

...AND LEAPS FROM THE COACH!





AND ENEMIES, TOO!
SOME OF THEM THINK
YOU'RE BEHIND THOSE
WATERFRONT THIEVES!

MY CREW AND I ARE
PATRIOTS! WE DO NOT
ENGAGE IN PETTY
PIPERING!



STEALING CUT GLASS
IS NO PETTY PIPERING!

LOOK! THE LOCK
IS SPRUNG!



JEWELRY!!

HOWYA! I HAVE SEEN SUCH
TREASURES BEFORE! PLATES
BELONGING TO THE RICHESSES
FORAY! EMERALD TRUFFE
BOX FROM THE ROCHESTER
COLLECTION! PENDANTS
AND NECKLACES FROM
THE MASSATE ESTATE!



WHAT'S THAT? A
YOUNG LAD I JUST
MET UP WITH IS
CALLED LUCY
MASSATE!

SHE IS SOLE HEIRESS TO
THE MASSATE HOLDINGS!



ONLY TO WHAT'S LEFT OF IT!
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY WAS
ATTEMPTING TO SWINDLE
THIS LOT OUT OF
NEW ORLEANS!!

JUST ANOTHER
THING!
EVERBODY
BLAMES THEFTS
ON JEAN LAFITTE!



NO SEADORN'S NAME,
BUT THE CIGARETTE'S ADDRESSED
TO LANCE GRISSE, BOX 27-18,
ST. LOUIS! KNOW HIM?

NO, BUT SOMEBODY
ELSE HERE IN
NEW ORLEANS DOES!
WAIT HERE, JIM! I
WILL SEE WHAT I
CAN LEARN!



MEANWHILE,
INSIDE A
WATERFRONT
WAREHOUSE...

I'VE SUMMONED
YOU MEN FOR A
SPECIAL
REASON:

DO YOU KNOW OF ANY MORE
PRICELESS HEIRLOOMS
YOU WANT US TO
STEAL FOR YOU?

IN EXCHANGE FOR HARD
CASH WE NEVER GET.
WHERE'S OUR SPLIT,
GRAVENT?



I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE, DISPOSING OF STOLEN
LOOT TAKES TIME! MEANWHILE, INSTEAD OF
LIVING LOW AS I ADVISED, YOU STOLE A
SHIPMENT OF CHEAP CUT GLASS FROM A
WATERFRONT WHARF! TAKING SUCH CHANCES
COULD SPOIL OUR WHOLE GAME! RETURN IT,
OR OUR WORKING DEAL IS ENDED!

YOU'RE A MITE TOO LATE!
SINCE MR. BOWIE GOT IN OUR WAY,
WE GOURMET'S
SHRIMP HOUSE! I
TRAILLED HIM THERE!



THAT'S ONE OF LAFITTE'S
PIPE-GUTS! IF WE SHOWED
UP, HE AND HIS CUTTHROAT
CREW WOULD SET US TO
RIBBONS!

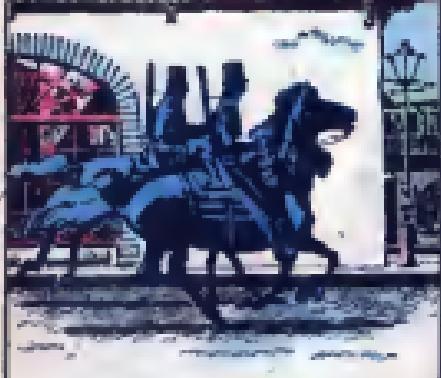
PERHAPS, BUT
LA FITTE IS A
MAN WITH A
PRICE ON
HIS HEAD...



I WONDER HOW HE
AND THIS BOWIE WILL
ACT WHEN THEY SEE
THE LAW CLOSING
IN!....



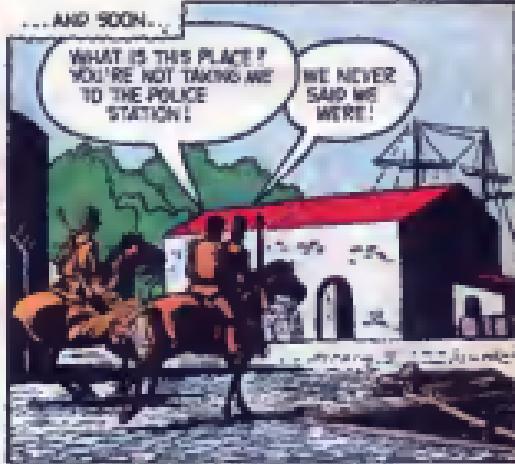
MINUTES LATER, A RETAIL OF GENDARMES GALLOP THROUGH NEW ORLEANS' BACK STREETS...



SAFELY IN CUSTODY, JIM IS WHISKED AWAY AT A FAST GALLOP...



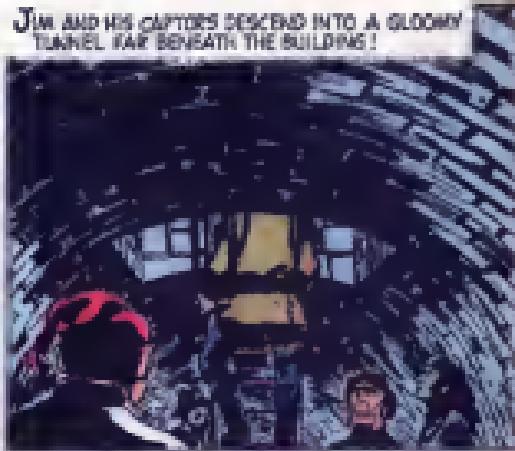
...AND SOON...



CLIMB DOWN THAT FLOOR TRAP! AND REMEMBER... THE GUN IS QUIETER THAN THE KNIFE!

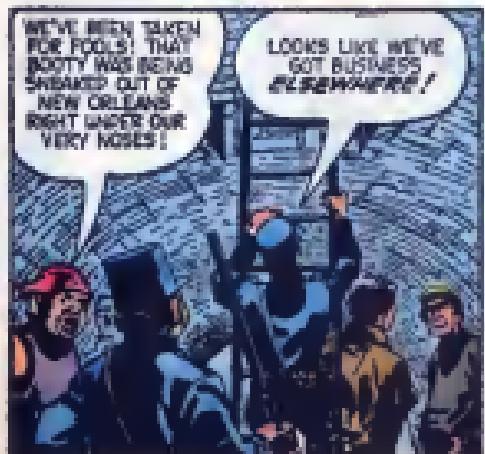


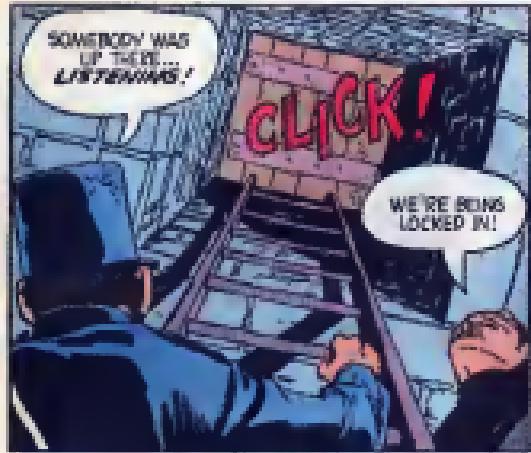
JIM AND HIS CAPTORS DESCEND INTO A GLOOMY TUNNEL FAR BENEATH THE BUILDING!



WE DIDN'T FIND THAT CRATE... BUT WE FOUND BOWIE! HE CAME ALONG REAL PEACEFUL, THINKING WE WERE REAL GENTLEMENES!







STRETCHING AT HIS WRIST BONDS, JIM'S FINGERS MANAGE TO REACH HIS SHEATHED KNIFE ...



DESPERATELY, HE BEGINS CUTTING THROUGH THE ROPE AS THE INCOMING TIDE RISES HIGHER AND HIGHER ...



Shortly...

I'M FREE! THAT TUNNEL MOUTH'S BEEN POUNDED BY HEAVIER WAVES; ONLY ONE DIRECTION I CAN GO... UP THIS LADDER!



ABOVE THE FLOOR TRAP IS SUDDENLY THROWN OPEN!

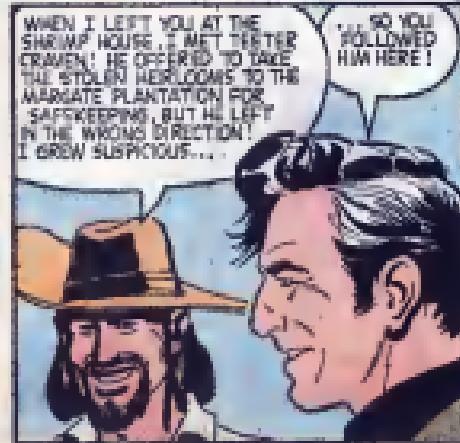
JEAN LAFITTE!
HOW IN BLUE THUNDER DID YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME?

I DIDN'T!



WHEN I LEFT YOU AT THE SHRIWF HOURS, I MET THE TIE DRAWER. HE OFFERED TO TAKE THE STOLEN HERBLOOMS TO THE MARGATE PLANTATION FOR SAFEGUARDING. BUT HE LEFT IN THE WRONG DIRECTION! I GROW SUSPICIOUS...

DO YOU FOLLOWED HIM HERE?



OUI! BUT HE MUST HAVE HEARD MY APPROACH AND ESCAPED!

SO DID THOSE WATERFRONT THIEVES! THEY GOT AWAY THROUGH THE INTAKE TUNNEL INTO THE GULF!

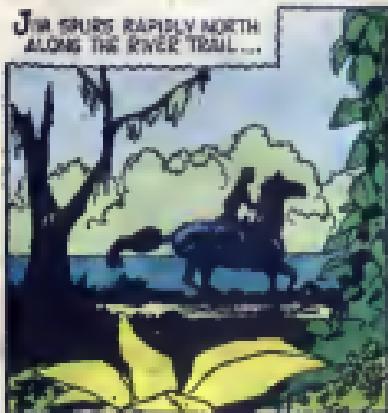


I SAW THEM FROM THIS WAREHOUSE! WHAM! TOO BAD THEY DIDN'T KNOW MY SLOOP IS ANCHORED IN THE HARBOR! I MERELY SIGNALLED THE CREW, WHO ARE NOW BUSY HAULING ABOARD SOME STRANGE "FISH" TO SERVE THE GONDOLIERS!

STAY WITH IT, JIMIN! I'M BOSSING YOUR HORSE. THERE'S STILL ONE MORE "FISH" THAT NEEDS CATCHING!



JIM SPURS RAPIDLY NORTH ALONG THE RIVER TRAIL....



I HAD HOPED TO SPARE YOU THIS, MY CHILD, BUT THE HEIRLOOMS THAT WERE STOLEN REPRESENT THE BULK OF YOUR ESTATE: AS YOUR FATHER'S DEAREST FRIEND, I STRONGLY ADVISE YOU TO SIGN OVER THE PLANTATION TO ME TO DISPOSE OF AS I SEE FIT!

I'M SURE YOU KNOW WHAT'S BEST! WHERE DO I WRITE?



YOU DON'T! THIS MAN HAS BEEN USING FAIR THIEVES TO HELP ROB YOU!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, MISS LUCY! HE'S LYING!



THE STOLEN HEIRLOOMS I JUST FOUND
HIDDEN IN YOUR CAR! LIE DON'T LIE!
I'LL PROVE THAT YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED
YOUR OWN HENCHMAN AND
WERE SHIPPING THAT LOOT TO **YOURSELF**
UNDER A PHONY NAME, HOPING TO
CLAIM IT LATER IN ST. LOUIS!
YOU'RE **INFORMERLESS**, CROWEN!

BUT NOT **BROKEN**!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS,
BOWIE!



I'VE HEARD OF YOUR
ABILITY WITH A KNIFE!
NOW WE'LL SEE HOW IT
STACKS UP AGAINST A
REAL WEAPON!

JIM SKILLFULLY DODGES THE THRUST...



I'LL... I'LL...
I'LL DO ANYTHING
YOU SAY!

THEN START WRITING A
FULL CONFESSION! YOU'LL
FIND ENCRYPT AND GUNN
ON THE TABLE!



A PLEDGE  TO PARENTS

The Dell Tradition is, and always has been, a positive tradition that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "Dell Comics are Good Comics" is our only creed and earnest goal.

The Bowie Brothers



Jim Bowie's father taught his sons how to use knives for self defense, for at that time the revolver had not been invented, thus a man's choice of weapons was limited to hunting knives or the single-shot rifle and pistol.



Jim and his brother Rezin found that it was quicker to draw a knife than to reload a rifle. So with practice they became as accurate with their hunting blades as were rifle marksmen with their rifles.



Actually Rezin was responsible for the first "bowie knife." During a hunting trip Rezin's hand slipped down from the handle onto the blade, cutting his hand severely. He decided that the knife needed a guard.



Rezin sketched a design for the new knife. The single-edged blade had a slight curve at the point and a bar between the handle and blade to serve as a guard. He was sure this safety device would be very effective.



Jim tested his brother's knife; it was well-balanced, ideal for hunting, and it had a "good throw." Though Rezin made the first "bowie knife," it was Jim who later made it famous as "The Bowie Knife."

The FAMOUS "BOWIE KNIFE"



Traveling alone, Jim Bowie was ambushed by two hired gunmen. Fighting to defend himself and almost at the point of defeat, Jim lashed out with the knife his brother had given to him. The weapon found its mark and saved Jim's life. After that he was never without his trusted blade.



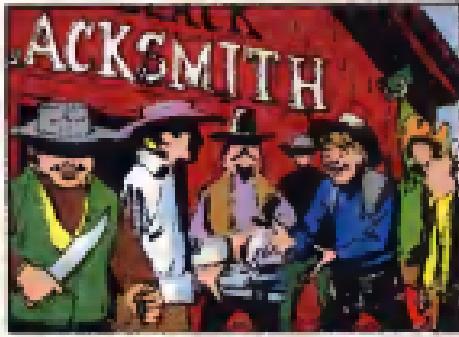
Perhaps Jim might have been content with the original "bowie knife" had it not been for a political duel in Vidalia, Louisiana. Seriously wounded, he spent months recovering and redesigning the blade of his knife.



At last well enough to travel, Jim took his newly designed model to Washington, Arkansas, where he sought James Black, an expert in tempering steel and the only man Jim would trust to make the new knife.



In secret, Black worked! When the job was done, Jim marveled at the gleaming blade with both edges of its point sharpened to razorlike touch and a parrying guard of hardened brass to catch and hold a blow.



It was not long before Jim had another encounter...and the "Bowie Knife" was christened! Word spread, almost becoming a legend, and James Black was unable to fill the demand of "Make me a knife like Bowie's."